

Wonderful Example of G O D's J U S T I C E

Shewed upon One

Jasper Cunningham, a Scotch Gentleman,

Who was of Opinion,

That there was neither G O D, nor Devil, &c.

To the Tune of, O Neighbour Robert, &c.

Licens'd and Enter'd.



IT was a Scotch Man,
a Scotch Man lewd of Life,
That long had lived
unlawful from his Wife;
His name was Jasper Cunningham,
as I did understand,
Whose Dwelling was at Aberdeen,
a Town in fair Scotland.

He had a Sister
which was both fair and bright,
Worshipfully wedded
unto a worthy Knight;
Godly, wise, and virtuous
in every thing was she,
A fairer comely Lady
in Scotland could not be.

Her wicked Brother
such inward Pains did prove,
That with his fair Sister
he greatly was in love:
He watches time, and woes her,
he shews to her his mind,
And still he says, Sweet Sister,
thou not to me unkind.

This comely Lady,
in mild and gentle wise,
Unto her Brother
thus modestly replies:
The Lord forbid, dear Brother,
I should consent at all
To such a damned Action,
to bring out Souls in Th'all.

Are not great Torments
prepar'd for hateful Sin?
Is not God as Righteous
as ever he hath been?
Is not Hell prepared,
with quenchless Flames of fire,
To give such wicked Persons
their due deserved Hire?

Wheresoe'er, dear Brother,
repent, and call for Grace,
Let not these Motions
within your Heart take place:
Consider how to Judgement
we shall be one Day brought,
To answer for our Follies,
which in our Lives we wrought.

Her Brother hearing
her Godly Christian Talk,
Within the Garden,
as they alone did walk,
Blasphemously replied,
as shameless as he stood,
Crying, You have declar'd
a Tale of Robin Hood.

You are deceived,
fair Sister, then said he,
To talk of Heaven's Glory,
or Hell's Plagues unto me;
These are deviled Fables
to keep poor Souls in fear,
That were by wise Men written,
though no such things there were.

You speak of Reckoning,
and of a Judgment-day,
And after Life is ended,
and Flesh consum'd away;
And of a God most justly
will plague all things amiss;
And those that do believe it
are much deceiv'd. I wis-

here things are
Do G O D, nor Devil is biding
in Heaven nor Hell, I know:
All things are wrought by Nature,
the Earth, the Air, the Sky,
There is no Joy nor Sorrow,
after that Men do die.

Therefore let me have Pleasure,
while here I do remain,
I fear not God's displeasure,
nor Hell's tormenting Pain.
No sooner had he spoken
this foul blasphemous thing,
But that a heavy Judgement
upon him God did bring:

For in the Garden,
whereas he did abide,
Suddenly a fire
sprung up on every side,
Which round about inclosed
this damned Wretch that Day,
Who roar'd and cry'd most grievous,
but could not get away.

This fearful fire
up to his knees did rise,
Burning blew like Brimstone,
in most outragious wise:
The Lady which beheld it,
ran crying in for Aid,
To pluck away her Brother,
which in the fire staid.

But nought prevailed,
for all that they could do,
Long Sabres and Pitchforks
the reached him unto;
Because they durst not venture
near to the fiery Flame,
He taking hold upon them
to draw him out o'the same.

But not a finger
nor Hand that he could move,
His Arms hung dead behind him,
great Pains he then did prove;
And now he bands and curses
the Day that he was born,
And wishes that his Carcase
by Devils might be torn.

Now I feel surely
(quoth he) there is God,
That surely doth plague me
with his strong Iron-rod;
O hide me from his Presence,
his Looks are death to me;
Nothing but Wrath and Vengeance
about him do I see.

I have despised him,
but can no whit repent,
My Heart is hardened,
my Mind cannot relent:

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For me wile wretched Creature,
despis'd for evermore.

I am in Hell tormented,
and to endless Pain;
Look how the Devils torment me
in stretching every vein;
Look how they swarm about me;
O what Hell-fiends are these!
Woe worth the time that ever
I did the Lord displease.

I burn in flaming fire,
yet do no whit consume;
My Conscience doth torment me,
that did in Sin presume:
Alas! my loving Sister,
now do I know full well,
There is a God most Righteous,
and eke a Devil in Hell.

And with these Speeches
his Eyes fell from his Head,
And by strings hung dangling
below his Chin stark dead:
See how the Devils, then he said,
hath pluckt my Eyes out quite,
That always was unworthy
to view the heavenly Light.

Then from his Mouth there fell
his foul blasphemous Tongue,
In very ugly manner
most pitifully hung;
And there away he rotted,
in all the Peoples sight;
By Vice and filthie Vermin
he was consumed quite.

With gashly Groaning,
and Shrieks that sounded high,
Two Hours after
this cursed Man did lie;
And there at length he died,
and then the fire ceas'd;
His Carcase stunk more filthie
than any carrion Beast.

No Man was able
for to endure the smell,
Nor yet to come to bury him,
as true Report doth tell;
Until he was consumed,
he lay above the Ground,
The Booy's about the Garden
therefore was locked round.

Let all Blasphemers
take Warning by this Thing,
Least that God's Vengeance
they do upon them bring:
And, Lord, grant all Christians
thy holy Grace and Fear,
They may think on the Punishment
that Cunningham had here.